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"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #64.

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.D.S.T.

MAY 25, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET

ANNOUNCER: In the old days, many of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers were recruited from adventurous types of men, like those who enlisted in the celebrated Roosevelt "Rough Riders" of Spanish War days. These men were natural scouts and frontiersmen who preferred the wilderness and the life of the pioneer. This same spirit still prevails among the officers of the United States Forest Service. It was only natural, therefore, that when the call to arms came in 1917, many of these men were among the first to volunteer their services for their country. -- Those of us who watched our loved ones depart amid martial music and waving flags will never forget the deep emotions of those stirring days. But time lays a healing hand on the scars of war, and now, as Memorial Day approaches, we join in paying tribute to Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers who made the supreme sacrifice - and in honoring them we honor all our heroic dead.

We take you now to the Pine Cone Ranger Station --

(CLATTER OF KNIVES AND FORKS)

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JERRY: Ho hum - Gosh, I'm full. - Mrs. Robbins, you : 10
cook good breakfasts.

BESS: Have another buckwheat cake, Jerry, and help yourself
to the maple syrup.

JERRY: Gee, Mrs. Robbins, I --

JIM: Here's an extra piece of bacon too, son. Better
finish it up.

JERRY: For the love of mike - honest I can't eat another --

BESS: I'll fill your cup up with hot coffee, Jerry -- There
you are.

JERRY: (BETWEEN MOUTHFULS) Gosh, you folks are going to kill
me off with kindness. -- You treat me like I was your
own son.

BESS: That's just the way we fell about you, Jerry. --
Don't we, Jim?

JIM: Yep, that's right, Bess. -- Like our own boy..
-- (CLEARING THROAT) Jerry - uh - would you mind
raising the flag for me this morning - on the pole out
in front of the Station? I - I -

JERRY: Sure, Jim. I'll be glad to do it every morning if you
want me to.

JIM: No. No thanks, Jerry. You see, putting up the flag
every morning is kind of a ritual with me - I've done
it for so many years. - But this morning I'd like you
to do it.

JERRY: Okay. -- That's the way you let people know you're on
the job, isn't it?

JIM: Yes, that's right. When you see the flag flying in
front of a Forest Service Ranger Station you know the
ranger's at home.

JERRY: Don't forget that Memorial Day comes next week, Jim - and the flag flies at half mast.

BESS: (SOFTLY) In memory of the boys who never came back -

JIM: No, I won't forget, Jerry. -- I won't forget.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Well, I'm really through this time - so if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Robbins, I'll go and raise the flag for Jim.

BESS: Why certainly, Jerry.

JIM: I think I'll go in the office and work on my notes a little.

(SOUND OF CHAIRS SCRAPING)

JERRY: You look kinda tired this morning, Mrs. Robbins. I'll be back in a minute and help you with the dishes.

BESS: (FADING OFF) Thank you, Jerry. That's thoughtful of you. (DOOR SLAMS)

(SEVERAL SECONDS PAUSE)

(FADE IN WITH CLATTER OF DISHES, BESS SOBBING SOFTLY)

(DOOR SLAMS)

JERRY: (COMING UP) Well, Old Glory's a-waving in the breeze. -- Why -- Why, Mrs. Robbins, you're crying. What's the matter?

BESS: Memories, Jerry - just memories.

JERRY: But I -- I don't understand.

BESS: Your speaking of Memorial Day a few minutes ago - it --

JERRY: Oh, I'm sorry.

BESS: There, there, Jerry - it's all right. -- I was just thinking about our David.

JERRY: Tell me about David, Mrs. Robbins. You and Jim have never said much about him.

BESS: The memories we hold most dear are closest locked within our hearts, Jerry. -- Perhaps that's why Jim and I never have talked much about our boy.

JERRY: What was he like, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: He was like you, Jerry. -- Tall, clean cut, -- and always with a happy smile. -- We were all such pals, he and Jim and I, ever since the days when he was a little fellow and we used to help him with his lessons. -- I can see him now -- running up the road from school. -- And sometimes, when you go about your work whistling, Jerry -- it almost seems as if David were here again.

JERRY: Was he going to be a forest ranger, too, -- like Jim?

BESS: Yes, that's what he wanted to be -- like Jim. -- He loved the forests and the mountains, and when he was old enough, he used to take many a trip with his father. -- Then the war came. -- Oh, those dreadful wars with all their suffering and heartaches. -- And he was one of the first to go. -- I'll never forget that day.

JIM: (COMING UP) I'll never forget it either.

BESS: Oh, Jim -- I didn't hear you come in. -- We were talking about David.

JIM: I know, Bess.

BESS: We went down to the city to see him off -- the day he left. -- We were so proud of him. He looked so splendid in his soldier's uniform.

JIM: Made a mighty fine lookin' soldier -- (CHUCKLES SOFTLY)
Bess kept asking him if he was sure he had his wool
socks and underwear, and the little sewing kit she'd
fixed up for him -- and he was afraid some of the other
boys would hear her.

BESS: And Jim would keep telling him to be careful with his
gun and remember all he'd taught him about firearms.

JIM: He was a crack shot, though -- David was -- he could
beat his old Dad every time. --

BESS: David was so thrilled about going across the water,
Jerry. He was going to send us a lot of pretty
cards of all the interesting places he visited.

JIM: He didn't realize -- he said he'd soon be coming
back.

BESS: Yes -- (SOBBING) He said -- he'd -- soon -- be coming --
back --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JIM: (CLEARS THROAT; READS)
"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

JERRY: That's mighty fine. What is it you were reading, Jim?

JIM: It's a report on the War Memorial to the men of the
United States Department of Agriculture who died in
the World War.

JERRY: Where's the Memorial located?

JIM: Back in Washington, D. C.

JERRY: Well, seeing the Forest Service is a part of the Department of Agriculture, there must be some forest rangers in that list of war dead - aren't there, Jim?

JIM: Yes, Jerry - the names of nineteen of our boys are graven in the white marble of that Memorial. - Nineteen forest officers who gave their all in the War.

JERRY: Were there any old times among them?

JIM: No, not a one. They were all young fellows - their average age was only twenty-six years. -- The young fellows were taken first in those days, Jerry.

BESS: (COMING UP) Are you ready to go, Jim?

JIM: Yes, all ready, Bess.

JERRY: Where are you and Mrs. Robbins going, Jim?

JIM: Just out back of the ranger station a bit - to that clump of big pines. You can see it out of the window there.

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF AS AT WINDOW) Oh - yes - they're beautiful this morning, aren't they?

BESS: Yes, Jerry, they are beautiful - very beautiful to us.

JIM: Shall we go now, Bess?

BESS: Yes, Jim -- Would you like to go with us, Jerry?

JERRY: Why yes, Mrs. Robbins - if you and Jim want me.

JIM: Sure we want you. -- Here, Bess, I'll help you on with your coat. -- Why -- you've put on your - the old black silk dress, - haven't you -

BESS: Yes, Jim. -- It's the one I had one when - when we last saw David -

JIM: Yes - yes - I know. -- Well, let's be going.

(SOUND OF DOOR)

JERRY: Geo, what a peach of a day!

BESS: Summer is almost here.

JERRY: (MUSING) Warm sunshine - green hills - flowers - and listen to the birds - it sure makes a fellow glad he's alive.

JIM: We'd better go 'round the station and take the trail to the woods.

JERRY: All right.

MARY: (OFF- CALLS) Yoohoo - Yoohoo - Yoohoo -- Mrs. Rob-bins -

JERRY: Here comes Mary - shall we wait for her?

BESS: Yes, let's do.

MARY: (COMING UP - BREATHLESS) My, I almost missed you, didn't I, - How is everybody?

JIM: Nicely, thank you, Mary.

MARY: I just came over to bring you these flowers, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Oh, Mary, aren't they lovely!

MARY: I just picked them this morning for you.

BESS: That was sweet of you, Mary.

MARY: Shall I take them into the house for you, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: No - wait a minute, Mary - I think I'll take them with me. - (TO JERRY) Jerry, will you step into the kitchen and get a big glass jar for me - and fill it with water, please.

JERRY: (GOING OFF) Certainly, Mrs. Robbins.

MARY: Where are you all going?

BESS: Come with us and see, Mary - it's only a little way.

MARY: You're sure you want me?

JIM: Sure we do, Mary.

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BESS: Jerry's coming, too. - And when we come back I want you to stay for dinner with us.

MARY: Oh, Mrs. Robbins, you dear. - Of course I'll stay.

JERRY: (COMING UP) Here's your jar of water, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Thank you, Jerry. -- Now, we'll put the flowers in it -- here, Mary -- Will you carry it for me, Jerry?

JERRY: Sure I will. -- You go on ahead, Mrs. Robbins - Jim's waiting for me -- And Mary and I will follow.

BESS: (GOING OFF) Don't linger too long on the way.

MARY: Where are they going, Jerry?

JERRY: Out to that clump of pine trees.

MARY: But what for?

JERRY: Sh-h-h wait and see.

MARY: I'm so glad I cam today, Jerry. You've been away in the forest so much lately.

JERRY: I know. It's nice to see you, Mary, even for a little while - I get kinda - kinda lonesome for you when I'm out on field work so much.

MARY: Do you Jerry?

JERRY: Of course I do. Honest.

MARY: (SOFTLY) I get sort of -- lonesome for you too, Jerry.

JERRY: Gee, Mary!

MARY: Look, Jerry - Look -

JERRY: What is it?

MARY: Mr . and Mrs. Robbins there - by that big pine tree. - Why they look - as if they were praying.

JERRY: I guess that's what they are doing, Mary.

MARY: But why, Jerry?

JERRY: Didn't you ever hear of David - their boy who was killed in the war?

MARY: Yes. Mrs. Robbins told me about him once.

JERRY: They've been thinking about him all morning. I guess they're having their Memorial Day today, because Jim will have to be away most of next week.

MARY: Oh - now I understand.

JIM: (OFF - CALLS) Come on, children.

JERRY: We're coming.

MARY: Oh, what a pretty little spot!

BESS: Do you like it, Mary?

MARY: I think it's beautiful - so quiet and restful - and only the murmur of the little brook to break the stillness.

JERRY: See how the pine trees make a circle around this little hollow.

MARY: I like to feel the needles under my feet. And look at all the pine cones scattered around on the ground!

BESS: I love the ferns and wild violets along the water's edge, too. - We never pick them - just let them grow year after year.

JIM: This little spot has many sacred memories to Bess and me.

JERRY: Do you mean - of David?

JIM: Yes. - David used to play here when he was a little fellow.

BESS: It's just the same as when he left it years ago - only the trees have grown bigger.

JERRY: That's a magnificent old pine over there, isn't it?

BESS: That's David's tree. -- Jerry, would you and Mary put the flowers at the foot of it -- just for remembrance.

MARY: We'd love to, Mrs. Robbins.

JERRY: Here, Mary -- hold the jar for a minute -- will you? Till I dig a hole in the pine needles -- so it won't tip over. -- There -- is that all right?

MARY: Yes, that's fine. -- My, don't they look pretty?

BESS: (SOFTLY) Yes, Mary.

JERRY: Why do you call this David's tree, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: Because it was the one he loved the best. -- He built all his air castles under this old pine, -- planned to do so many wonderful things. -- He would talk to it by the hour, as he played -- and he used to tell us that it talked to him, too.

JIM: We've put a little brass tablet on the tree in his memory, Jerry. See?

BESS: It's there -- on the south side of the trunk -- where the sun can shine on it every day.

MARY: Oh, yes, here it is. (READS) "David Robbins, 1897 -- 1918."

JERRY: Why, he was only twenty-one years old.

JIM: Yes, just twenty-one when he died.

BESS: (BROKENLY) I think -- we'd better be -- going now -- Jim --

JIM: All right, Bess -- just as you say.

JERRY: Look! the rays of the sun are lighting up David's tree!

MARY: And the flowers! - Isn't it beautiful!

JIM: (SLOWLY AND WITH FEELING - FADING OFF) "And the glory of the Lord shone round about them" -

(ORCHESTRA FADING IN SOFTLY - USGGEST "GOING HOME")

ANNOUNCER: (AGAINST MUSIC BACKGROUND)

"So came the trees at the call of God;
And all the trees are holy." -

(MUSIC ENDS)

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers comes to you each Thursday at this hour as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

is/5:00 P.M.
May 24, 1933

